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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

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## EDITORIAL.

WE cannot condemn too strongly an editorial which appeared in *The Brown and White* concerning "the smoker." It was a most ill advised, illogical, and falsely colored article, and should never have been published. It not only has caused adverse criticism from the majority of the undergraduates, but it has also been criticized adversely by members of the Faculty. We are loth to believe it represented the opinions of the Board of Editors of *The Brown and White*, but rather the opinion and work of a very small minority. To those who were ignorant of the true state of affairs it conveyed a most erroneous impression. We are glad to say that the article did not succeed in doing what was intended of it, and simply served as a good advertisement for a most successful "smoker."

THE annual elections to the Board of Editors of THE BURR take place between the time of this issue and the following one, and the results, together with the officers and make-up of the new Board, will be announced in the next number. The present Senior members retire at that time, and the new Board assumes control.

Although the vacancies, for which elections are to be held, have been mentioned frequently in these columns, yet we take this last opportunity to state once more the exact situation for the sake of those whom it may concern in

any way. From the Class of 'Ninety-Six there is one man, from the Class of 'Ninety-Seven there are three men, and from the Class of 'Ninety-Eight two men to be elected, all of whom are to be members of the literary part of the Board, except one of the men from the Class of 'Ninety-Seven, who is to serve as Assistant Business Manager.

The limit of time before which matter for competition must be submitted has been extended to March 16, and another plea is entered that the remaining week be made good use of by competitors. The Board has been somewhat encouraged by the quality of the matter submitted from the Junior and Sophomore Classes during the past week or so, but we despair somewhat at the showing of the Freshmen. It is to be hoped, however, that the reputation of this Class will not be allowed to suffer, and that some worthy representatives may be found from it to grace their places on the Board.

IT has been a custom for THE BURR each year to publish the oration which was delivered by the student who took the first prize at the Junior Oratorical Contest, held in the Chapel on Washington's Birthday, in the issue next following that date. This has been a delightful custom, not only because it has always been considered a graceful compliment to the successful orator, but because the publication

of his effort puts it on record in Lehigh lore, and makes that number of THE BURR in which it appears one which properly notes a memorable event of each college year.

It is, therefore, with the deepest regret that we announce that we are unable to publish Mr. Herr's oration on "Socialism," for the reason that he has refused to allow us to do so, because he feels that its appearance in print at this date would detract from the effect of its delivery in the State Oratorical Contest, to be held in Lancaster on April 26, at which time he will represent Lehigh and will speak upon the same subject.

Mr. Herr's reasons may justify him in doing what he wishes with his own, but in being obliged to apologize for the non-appearance of his oration we cannot help expressing ourselves as very sorry indeed to break a charming custom, and also to miss the opportunity of giving to our readers an exceptionally good literary contribution. However, after the State Oratorical Contest we shall be at liberty to publish the oration, and it shall then appear.

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THE history of the world is full of striking examples that show how much is dependent upon industry. No man has become truly great in any walk of life who has not been willing to give himself entirely to his work, and to subordinate all other interests in order to accomplish the one end he has in view. In our college life we can see examples of this truth everyday. If a man has an ambition to secure a place on an athletic team he begins to train months before the season opens. He practices diligently, and if his efforts have been crowned with success he feels amply rewarded for all the hardships undergone.

Despite these facts there is a widespread sentiment that eminence is purely accidental, and that everyone must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Such a feeling reveals a most woeful lack of ambition. If the world is to profit by our having lived in it we must be ambitious.

Greatness does not come by chance; it is the result of long and patient labor. Those who have now and then risen in the world without education, without training, have shed but a doubtful light, and that only for a moment. We have all heard the story of Tomaso Anello, who was one day selling fish in the streets of Naples, and the next made his will the rule for an empire. But his short reign of nine days was marked with great folly, cruelty, and despotism, and such examples stand before the world as among the possible things, but improbable and undesirable.

We cannot all do all things, yet every one of us has naturally the power of excelling in some one thing. It is this power that we must develop. Success in every art, whatever be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry. But there are many instances of men of the greatest natural ability whose prospects were brilliant, but who failed utterly because they trusted to their genius and made no efforts to improve. That there are greater men in their profession than Thomas A. Edison and Nicola Tesla no one would dare to assert, but who has more zealously devoted himself to his vocation than either of these men? If we are to win renown for ourselves and honor for our *Alma Mater*, let us all devote ourselves earnestly and faithfully to the preparation for our life-work.

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NOT only undergraduates but faculties are gradually coming to appreciate that there is more to be gotten out of a college course than that which a faithful observance of the curriculum can give. Athletics, college organizations, such as musical clubs and literary and engineering societies, and last, but not least, the college publications, all offer to a student not recreation but work. They are not merely diversities for leisure moments, but they offer instruction and training that will be just as valuable to a man when he gets out in the world as his studies will be.

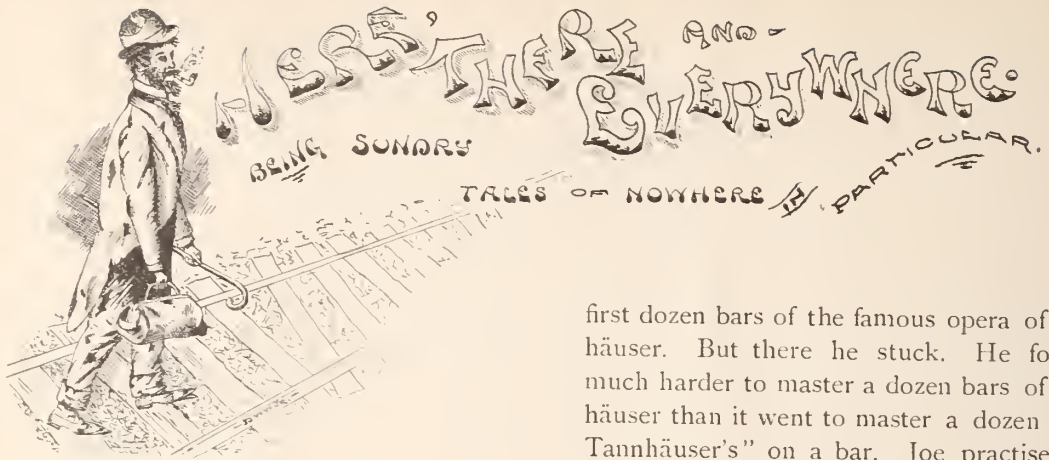
This is so because they are by no means all play, but when entered and pursued honestly are found to be work, pure and simple. Work of any nature will benefit any man, and it is the man who works who succeeds. Yet work is useless if it be not expended on the most advantageous object, so that the successful are not necessarily those alone who work, but those whose good judgment points out to them how to apply their energies. Take the well-worn example of the disappearing valedictorian and the man in the same class who stood fairly well in his course, but who was mixed up in all the college affairs and organizations he could find time for, and who becomes in after years what is called a successful man. Both may have had the same capacity for work, yet it is easy to see which had the better judgment in the training and development of his powers.

To the broad-minded man there is no question as to which is the better way to spend one's college course, and the question now arises as to whether a man who spends much

time in work in college organizations, should not receive credit upon his record with the University authorities for time thus spent according to its due. At Princeton the effort is being made to have work upon the college papers given credit for as an elective course, and at almost all colleges the justice of the whole question is acknowledged by the privileges granted and mental credit given to those who are prominent in worthy college undergraduate concerns. But does not such work deserve some more substantial reward, the benefits of which can be enjoyed by a man while still in college? The student who spends all his time on studies is rewarded with advantages; why should not the man who follows the other plan? The athlete, the musician, the debater, the editor, deserve credit for so many hours work in black and white, somewhere and somehow or other, rather than the dissatisfying feeling that many have who look upon the reward now received for such work as "empty honors."

#### A FOND DREAM.

SWEET face with its smiles and blushes--  
 How oft it comes back to me,  
 From the far off, golden city,  
 And the throng I long to see.  
 How oft I feel on my shoulder  
 The touch of a gentle hand,  
 And falls on my ear a sweet voice  
 Of love or playful command.  
 And, over my face, like a blessing,  
 Flow masses of golden hair;  
 More sweet than the breath of roses  
 That perfumes the evening air.  
 Ah, no! alas, I am dreaming,  
 Fond days, they have flown away,  
 Like birds at the death of Summer,  
 Or beams at the close of day.  
 And, I feel that I am pausing  
 On the shore of this life's sea,  
 While far in the misty distance  
 My idol is beckoning to me.



### ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

"I wasn't Joe's fault, neither was it mine," said Jack one morning, as we were all lounging on the hotel piazza after a morning dip in the ocean, the girls principally occupied in listlessly turning the pages of a seaside novel, the boys meditating on the number of their conditions through large rings of cigarette smoke. We all had nothing to do, and an hour to do it in before dinner.

"It was just this way," said Jack. "You know Joe has been paying much attention to Miss Von Marque, and about a week ago he told me he was going to propose to her within a week or know the reason why, but the great draw-back was Miss Von Marque's love for music. She had once told Joe, before she knew him as well as she does now, that the one thing she adored in this world was a fine musician. Now, you know, Joe has about as much music in him as a cow, but what do you think that fellow has been doing for the last few months? He has been going to the city twice a week to take piano lessons, and he has a piano secreted in the old house about two miles up the shore road, where he has been practicing three hours a day, just think, three long hours of misery every day. What won't a man do when he is in love? This accounts for Joe's long bicycle rides we thought he took for health. Joe at last mastered in a way the

first dozen bars of the famous opera of Tannhäuser. But there he stuck. He found it much harder to master a dozen bars of Tannhäuser than it went to master a dozen "short Tannhäuser's" on a bar. Joe practised that stanza as though his life depended on it, and to him it meant happiness if all went well. His scheme was this: On the evening of Mrs. Elbert's dinner I was to ask him to play, and he, to the astonishment of all, would dash off the first few bars of Tannhäuser, then I was to have a man outside to yell "fire!" Well, the evening came, and everything went off all right until I asked Joe to perform. Joe walked knowingly to the piano and gave Miss Von Marque a glance as he passed her. Could it be, she thought, that Joe was an artist?

"Joe sat down on the piano chair and ran his fingers over the key board in a nonchalant way, and then to every one's great astonishment he dashed into the great Tannhäuser production, but with more dash than harmony. Well, Joe succeeded splendidly until he came to his usual stopping place, and there he stuck. I was over in the corner waiting impatiently for the "fire!" but no fire, nothing but a great embarrassment on Joe's part.

"All was not at an end, however. Just at that minute the butler made the important announcement, 'Dinner was served,' and in the confusion which always follows such an announcement Joe's break was not noticed, and we all filed out to dinner. After dinner, for some unknown reason, Joe could not be persuaded to play again. After a half hour of small talk we all went out for a quiet stroll on the beach, and Joe by good luck managed

to get by Miss Von Marque's side, and also to get separated some distance from the party. He immediately took advantage of the opportunity and asked Miss Von Marque to become his brother's sister-in-law. I can't swear he used exactly those words, but at least he meant the same thing. Miss Von Marque's answer was in every way pleasing to Joe and the next day when she found Joe could not

play the piano, and that his performance on that memorable evening had been a thing of beauty as far as it went, but could never possibly be a joy forever, she simply took both his hands and said:

"'Why Joe, you dear, old, silly thing, do you suppose I could ever love music as well as I love you?'"

### THE TÊTE-Â-TÊTE CHAIR.

YOU may talk of the pleasure of dancing,  
The waltz with its music entrancing,  
Bright lights over golden hair glancing,  
But give me the tête-à-tête chair.  
For there you're not tired with exertion,  
Nor taken to task for desertion.  
You may find it a pleasant diversion  
When wandering off with *Her* there.

When others are warm and perspiring,  
And seek some cool spot for retiring,  
To renew there their faultless attiring,  
Or to catch just one breath of fresh air.  
*You* may lean back and find it amusing,  
*Your* comfort is of your own choosing.  
I know you'll not catch me refusing  
To sit in this tête-à-tête chair.

But when those blue eyes veil their glances,  
With a coyness their beauty enhances;  
If you then attempt to take chances,  
Oh! then in that moment beware.  
For you'll find that beneath all those laces  
Is a blank, where you'd think Cupid's place is.  
Of love you'll in vain seek the traces,  
Out there in the tête-à-tête chair.

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### HER EYES.

SO entrancing, ever dancing,  
Full of love's bewitching smile;  
Always shining, never pining,  
Speaking volumes all the while.

Alluring treasures, adept measures  
Of the warmth of soul within;  
Captivating, fascinating,  
Round my heart a web they spin.

## A SURMOUNTED OBSTACLE.

## I.

IF Miss Leonora Norris attended church that Sunday evening with the purpose of improving her disposition, her mission had not been entirely successful, judging from the glances she occasionally cast upon her companion.

He was not feeling cheerful that night, and was, in consequence, treating roughly several of her little faults which she considered quite excusable in herself. And it angered her that he should take it upon himself to speak of them at all. What possible right had he to talk so to her?

He finished his harangue at last, and the two walked on in silence. A puzzled expression was on the sweet, young face, and he looked as only a man does who is vainly attempting to persuade himself of his disinterested motives.

Miss Norris was evidently at a loss to comprehend the significance of this sudden attack. It might mean that her companion had heard of her latest prank at school, or that he had noticed the extravagant devotion of Freshman Harrington, who made it a rule to miss chapel each morning in order to see her safely to school, or that he disapproved of the rather lavish display of colors on their coach at the last game. She thought with compunction that it might mean any of these and more. The possibilities were diverse and appalling, and the more she dwelt on them the more angry she grew with Brooks for suggesting them.

He should have learned by this time that society in a college town was not burdened with the restrictions of that in the plain, old New England village which he had left nearly four years ago to come to the University. And besides that, he had seen enough of life to know that the modern girl was not expected to be-

have in the manner of her Puritan ancestors.

"I really would like to know what you think of me," she said at last as they entered the garden.

"Think of you!" he repeated, angered at her pitying tone, "Would you like to know?"

"Yes, I should. Is it very awful? Tell me, do."

"Everybody but you knows," he said, speaking with an effort, "that I love you."

They had halted on the porch, and he gazed down the path toward the gate they had just entered, as though to calculate the probable time required for an escape from such dangerous quarters.

If any such idea had occurred to him it speedily vanished when he turned to look at his companion. She stood motionless, with one little hand resting on the door knob and eyes cast down, without the slightest trace of feeling in her calm face.

"Here, go in, you will catch cold," he muttered, fiercely, taking her hand from the knob and throwing open the door.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, politely, as she entered and turned toward him.

Brooks felt that he should not enter, but he yielded nevertheless, and, with an exclamation of contempt at himself, walked in and closed the door behind him.

When he entered the parlor Miss Norris was seated on the sofa, her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, I can't realize it," she murmured. "Why, I thought you almost hated me. Tell me, how long have you—loved me?"

He told her the whole story. How three years ago the sweet, innocent child had won his freshman heart, and how, when his scholarship suffered in consequence, he attempted to "cure" himself by becoming disagreeable to her and offending her as often as possible. He

described his suffering under this self-inflicted treatment and its unsuccessful results, and ended by telling her of his now broken resolve never to let her know he loved her until he had graduated and made a name for himself, and could offer her something more than his love.

It was a very simple story, and did not amount to much, but he told it proudly. Only at the end his voice weakened, and he said he was afraid she was too young to be troubled with such matters, and that he was sorry he had so far lost his head as to speak so soon.

"Oh, I am too young," she sobbed when he had finished. "Why did I ask you what you thought of me, and why did you tell me? I think you know—you must know—that I love you, but I don't know how much. I can't tell. What is there in my foolish little self to make you love me? Oh, what I would give if I could cry, and cry. I feel as if there were a heavy load resting right on my heart, and I don't know why. Why did you tell me you loved me?" He interrupted her with an exclamation, but she continued, hurriedly: "I can never love any man enough to marry him, and I have seen too many boys to really feel that they are not all my brothers. I cannot feel any different toward them than I do to my own dear brother."

Once, while she was speaking, he made a movement towards her, but checked himself, and now as she finished he took up his hat and arose, but stopped with his hand on the curtains; then turned and left the room. The front door closed, and Miss Norris was alone in the dark with the last few remaining hours of her childhood passing rapidly away.

## II.

Brooks was not a companionable man. Even his friends at the Engineer's Club where he was well known and well liked admitted this. And it was for that reason, no doubt, that several of the elderly maiden members of the New England community prophesied, at that

time, a sure failure for him when he left his native town and entered on his professional life in a great city. Perhaps it was this very reason and the wish to disappoint these venerable Cassandras that had urged him to his best efforts. At all events, since his graduation four years ago his progress had been steady and at times even rapid.

Tonight he was alone in his apartment, looking more uncompanionable than ever. He was seated at his desk, gazing at the long lines of books along the opposite wall. Before him lay invitations for the evening, and this idleness was the "previous engagement" for which he had declined them. He must have realized how he was respected and desired in the highest circles of the city, but his actions soon made it evident that he was not thinking of any such matters. He drew forward his chair and wrote several notes. One to his new draughtsman, young Harrington, the others to his clerks. Then he hurriedly packed his valise and left the room.

## III.

A college town is not, as every Alumnus knows, the most cheering place in the world to revisit after an absence of several years. The old familiar sights and scenes are still there, to be sure, but the well-known faces are absent, and strangers occupy the places once filled by college companions. Then, too, old friends in town have taken into one's place in their esteem students of a later generation. Altogether one feels almost an intruder.

Such thoughts as these filled Brooks's mind as he toiled gloomily up the hill from the station the morning after his sudden departure from the city. He met several students on his way, but they gave him only a glance as they hurried by, and even the old clerk at the hotel first asked him his name and year before he condescended to accept his proffered hand and acquaintance.

Brooks felt blue and he showed it. In fact, neither his surroundings nor the rumor which

had caused this unpremeditated visit were especially calculated to make him cheerful.

Half an hour later he had sent up his card to Miss Norris, and was standing in her parlor vaguely wondering what had induced him to place himself in this predicament.

She entered the door and walked swiftly towards him with outstretched hand. She did not appear at all surprised to see him; only very glad. They chatted some time over the changes about college and town.

"Oh, who do you suppose will win this afternoon?" she asked, adding, "Of course, you came up to see ——."

"You," he finished, crossing to her side.

"Once, when I foolishly told you my story here, you said you were too young to hear it. Have I waited until too late to tell you the sequel of that story? Has Harrington ——?"

Brooks never told what Miss Norris answered. There was a wedding, however, the following year at which Harrington figured largely. And when he assisted Mr. and Mrs. Brooks into the train after it, the former clapped him on the shoulder and said, joyously:

"It was all your fault, Harrington."

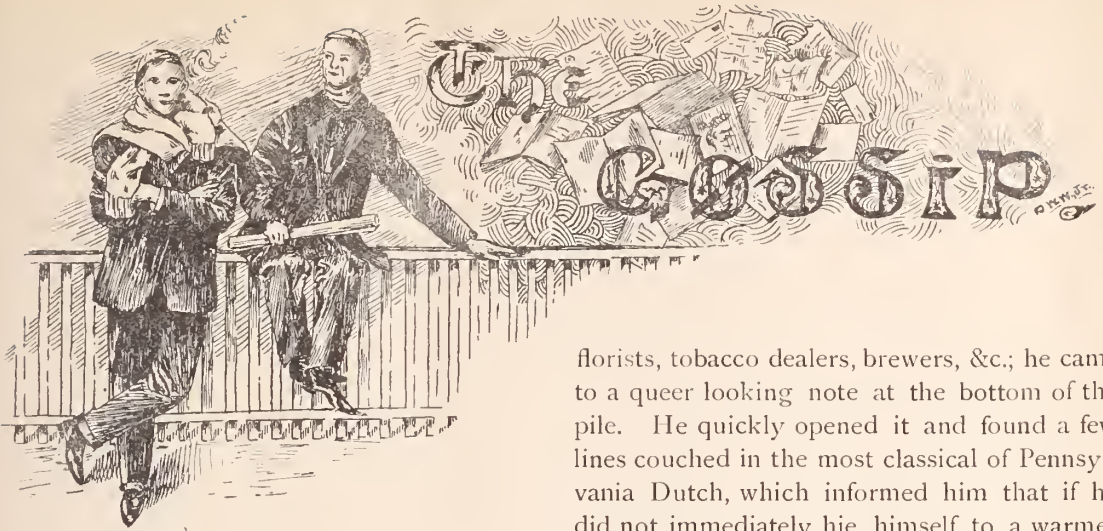
Mrs. Brooks laughed, and the train moved off carrying the happy pair, leaving Harrington on the platform looking puzzled.

#### A PLEA.

HOW can I plead? I have no lengthy strain  
 With which to move the very heavens above you.  
 All I can say, comes back to the refrain  
 That old, old phrase—You know it best, I love you.  
 Look how the ripples run up on the beach  
 And fling their hissing white foam ever higher,  
 And then returning, flow beyond your reach,  
 But to run up and rush a little nigher.  
 You can not in their softly rippling sound  
 Find out the very greatest depths of ocean;  
 Nor can my words—were they the most profound—  
 Show forth to you the depth of my devotion.  
 'Tis like a stream that from a quiet source  
 Becomes a brook, and then a rushing river,  
 And flows at last—fit ending to its course,—  
 To ocean's depths, and then flows on forever.

#### PROOF.

YOU ask me how I know I love you!  
 Can a mortal show his love?  
 That's a thing I fain would prove you,  
 Fitter for the God's above.  
 Like the youth you read in story;  
 I worshipped many a lovely star.  
 Until the pure moon's brighter glory  
 Rose, to my sight more lovely far.  
 Since then, my other loves forsaking,  
 Ever have I sought for thine.  
 I acknowledge I am quaking,  
 Lest *it too* should prove *moonshine*.



LAST Sunday morning when The Gossip came sleepily down to his boarding house for a late breakfast, he found quite a bundle of mail at his place. The first letter he opened was from "the governor," and it briefly informed him that he would find his monthly allowance inclosed, and that if he did not hereafter confine his expenses to that amount, and if any more of his bills were sent home for payment, he would have to leave college and go to work.

The second letter was a polite request from his washer-woman to pay his last two or three month's wash bill.

The next missive was his regular weekly invitation to one of the small but select receptions given by the University authorities on Monday mornings at 11:30.

The Gossip began to be disappointed. Where in the world was the letter in that small, delicate handwriting which he knew so well? He hastily ran through a pack of circulars, some offering to write sermons, essays, and theses for him, others offering him a position as a school teacher, while several postal cards notified him that "Our representative, Mr. —, will be at Hotel — on Tuesday and Wednesday, with a full line of our goods."

Tossing aside various bills from tailors,

florists, tobacco dealers, brewers, &c.; he came to a queer looking note at the bottom of the pile. He quickly opened it and found a few lines couched in the most classical of Pennsylvania Dutch, which informed him that if he did not immediately hie himself to a warmer climate, and stop paying his attentions to the writers' daughter, he would receive a rather warm interview from a number eleven boot.

The Gossip heaved a deep sigh, murmured something about "the course of true love," and, catching a glimpse of grinning faces gloating over his sorrow, he hastily swallowed a cup of boiling coffee, purchased a Sunday newspaper, and hurried off to chapel. Here he spent the rest of the morning reading, "matching" pennies, and meditating on the benefits of compulsory chapel.

\* \* \*

"Have you ever wondered where you are going to be a year from now?" The Gossip asked a Senior the other day, merely as a polite question naturally suggested by the fact that 'Ninety-five is soon to leave us.

"Have I?" returned the Senior with a peculiar grin. "Well I just guess. To tell you some interesting facts, I'll give you the result of a record I have kept of where I was on a certain date for the last five or six years. The year before I came to college I put down in a diary I used to keep, that same question you asked me, 'Where will I be one year from today?' By the way, the date was only last Saturday. Well, the first year found me unexpectedly in college on that date, a good beginning; the next found me at a funeral;

last year saw me in the Allentown jug after a class supper; this year saw me in a poker game losing like the devil; and next year? Someone knows who won't tell. I guess I'll be digging holes for telegraph poles. And the year after on that day I'll start to serve my time in some penitentiary. How's that for a record. Come have a drink to my good luck."

The Gossip grinned in silence and lay low. He has kept just such a record himself, but isn't telling everybody just how it sizes up.

\* \* \*

The Gossip wandered into the base-ball cage the other afternoon and watched the candidates for battery positions go through their work. He also had a talk with Captain Thompson and Manager Bannon, and when he left the place he felt elated over Lehigh's chances for a winning team. Everything points to a most excellent nine this year. There are three excellent pitchers, and also a large number of good men trying for other positions. The team will be a strong batting one, and The Gossip expects to see some of the large college teams run against a surprise party when they meet Lehigh. Another point that influences The Gossip is that it is Lehigh's year for a strong team. Just take the teams of '89 and '92, and see how strong they were. The Gossip hopes to be able to throw that remark of the University of Pennsylvania concerning "Little Lehigh with Carter and Greenway" back on the wearers of the "Red and Blue" in a most disagreeable way when Lehigh meets the Philadelphians this spring.

\* \* \*

Another good point The Gossip gathered on his visit to the cage is that some practice games are to be played with the Allentown League team. Arrangements have been made with the above nine for two regular games and also a series of practice games at the beginning of the season. These games will be of great benefit to Lehigh, and we are

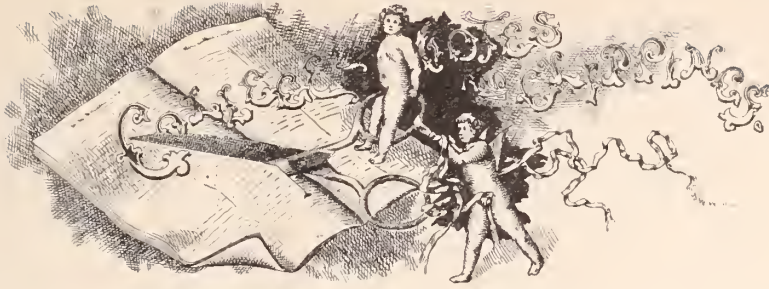
especially fortunate to be in such a position to get such good practice. Manager Bannon has arranged a good schedule, and The Gossip expects to participate in some old-time celebrations over Lehigh victories in base ball during the coming season.

\* \* \*

After The Gossip left the base-ball cage he went upstairs to the gymnasium and talked with Director Smith concerning the coming indoor meeting. Here he found that the meeting this year promises to be an exceedingly interesting one. Mr. Smith told The Gossip that there were a great many men in training for the different events and that he expected to see some records broken. In the running high jump, the standing high jump, the fence vault, and the running high kick, there were some excellent men, who he thought would succeed in breaking some of the records. Even while The Gossip was talking to Mr. Smith the standing high jump record of the University was broken. There were a great many Freshmen and Sophomores on the floor, training for different events, and the contest for the class championship at the coming indoor meeting will certainly be interesting.

\* \* \*

The Gossip was exceedingly glad to read in a Philadelphia paper, the other morning, that Lehigh had tendered her resignation to the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Track Association; but, he was very sorry on reading the article further, to see that the resignation had not been accepted because Lehigh was indebted to the Association for nearly one hundred dollars. Those of the undergraduates, who read that article and who have not as yet paid their Athletic dues, must have thought that they were in a way responsible for the publication of such an article, an article which certainly did not cover Lehigh with glory. Let those men, who have not paid their just dues, pay them at once, so that in the next report that appears Lehigh's resignation will have been accepted and all dues will have been paid.



—There are forty men in training for the Columbia track team.

—J. A. Leighton has been elected captain of the Harvard lacrosse team.

—It is probable that a whist tournament will be arranged between Yale and Harvard.

—Definite steps have been taken to establish a series of Yale Harvard freshman debates.

#### THE MODERN LORELEI.

*August—The Shore.*

Roll, gray sea, on thy shining sands.

Sigh, young breeze, through the silent tree,  
With a sad farewell and a touch of hands  
My lover has gone from me.

Break, fond heart, with the parting grief;  
Mine eyes, hold back your bitter tear,  
And days revolving, be brief, be brief  
Till he come again next year.

*December—The City.*

Ah! Haven't I met you before?

I seem to remember your face—  
How extremely crowded the floor—  
Yes, at Newport; the very place.

My card? Not a number left;  
*So* sorry. What, must you be gone?—  
And this, in the guise of a summer girl,  
"Hat die Lorelei gethan."

—*Cornell Era.*

—Visitors are permitted to witness the practice of the crews at Harvard only on Mondays.

—There are twenty-four candidates for the nine at Harvard, not including catchers and pitchers.

—Ex-Captain Hinkey of Yale will probably be with the foot ball team of the Crescent Athletic Club next fall.

I do not want to vote she said,  
I hate this suffrage rant,  
But I don't want some horrid man  
To tell me that I can't.—*Exchange.*

—Chicago University has a glee club of sixteen women.

—The library and manuscripts of the historian Bancroft, have been purchased by the University of Chicago. The sum paid was \$80,000.

The preacher's a saint and the gambler's a sinner,  
Yet both are alike at the heart's inner core;  
When either you find quite content, be certain  
*He held a full house* but the evening before.

—*Brunonian.*

—Of the 11,669 graduates of Columbia college, 9082 are still living.

—The scientific department at Yale has voted to organize a chapter of the honorary society of Sigma Xi, and will apply for a charter at once.

#### FELT IT.

His love, he said, was like the sea.  
The maiden answered quick,  
She thought that he was right in that  
Because it made her sick.—*Life.*

—A woman student, Miss Emma Hutchinson, has been chosen to represent Swarthmore in the intercollegiate oratorical contest.

—Cornell offers a course in the Russian language and literature.

—The University of Michigan has enrolled two Chinese women as students.

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WHEN DARKNESS FALLS.

If this be sleep,  
Sit by me while I sleep; if this be death  
No mortal power may stay the fading breath,  
But stay thou by me, be it sleep or death.

If this be sleep,  
When I awake, I fain would see thee by,  
Watch thou my bed with thine unsleeping eye,  
And take my hand in thine, when I awake.

If this be death,  
Speed thou my soul upon thy steady prayer,  
If this be death, I go I know not where,  
Oh, stay thou by me, be it sleep or death!

—*Harvard Monthly.*

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—Yale and Harvard have agreed to allow President Young of the National League to appoint the umpires for their base-ball games this year.

—The Faculty Committee on Athletics of the University of Pennsylvania will not allow leftfielder Reese to play this year on account of deficiency in his studies.

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THE CONSCIENCE.

There lives in every man upon this earth  
A certain, innate, unseen part of Him,  
Which has the value of a Godly worth,  
And which sly evil's breath cannot bedim.

The power of this silent, sacred gift,  
Which judges all in God's own holy sight,  
Does never wane, nor does it cease to sift  
Man's wickedness through bars of right.

It has but one great duty to perform,  
But one pure mission in this struggling life;  
And yet too often from that silent storm  
'Tis sin that comes victorious from the strife.

—*Cornell Era.*

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—Through the kindness of Dr. Andrew J. White, the Yale papers have been provided with editorial offices in one of the dormitories. The offices contain every convenience that could be desired.

MY DARLING.

I held my darling in my arms,  
To soothe away her sweet alarms,  
I calmed her quick uprising fears,  
And kissed away her falling tears.  
I kissed her downy, blushing cheek,  
I kissed her brow and eyelids meek,  
I kissed her little upturned nose,  
As dainty as a half-blown rose.  
I kissed her tangled, golden hair,  
And caught the sunbeams straying there,  
I kissed her lips of coral sweet,  
I kissed her dimples, so petite.  
I clasped her closer to my breast,  
And there she nestled, quite at rest.

With such a maid one might be bold,  
For she was only three years old.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

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—The annual convention of the American League of College Republican Clubs will be held in Grand Rapids, Mich., on April 5. It is expected that about 1200 delegates will be present, representing every college and university in the country. Among the speakers will be Ex-Speaker Reed, McKinley, and Senator Aldrich.

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WANTED, \$ \$ \$ \$.

I confess I'm no poet, and so I can't sing  
Forever and ever about the green spring;  
Nor more can I tell of the beauteous snow  
Than if its cold feeling I never did know.  
But if I could rhyme—which you see I cannot—  
I'd scribble of verses a large and square lot;  
And I'd get some firm's boodle to buy them, I hope,  
For I'd write every one, sir, about that firm's soap.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

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—A strong effort is being made at Princeton to secure recognition for work done on the college papers. It is proposed to count the work as an equivalent for an elective course.

—The question for the joint debate between the Harvard Union and the Wendell Phillips Club is, "*Resolved*, That the present method of electing United States Senator is preferable to election by popular vote." Mr. J. P. Hall, Cornell, '94, is one of the principal disputants for the Union.

—The rhetoric class at the University of Michigan is engaged in collecting all slang words and phrases in common use. These will be published, with definitions, together with a list of slang in use ten years ago.

—The athletic team of the University of California is very anxious to come East, and has written to Pennsylvania to see what arrangements can be made.

—The Faculty of Tufts College have made a regulation forbidding all students who are not in good standing in their work from taking part on any of the athletic teams or glee club.

—A proposition is being discussed at Harvard in regard to making athletic culture count toward an A.B. degree. It is believed that this incentive is needed to induce all classes of men to consistent exercise.

—The Faculty at Leland Stanford, Jr., University has organized a base-ball nine which has defeated all student organizations which have played against it.

—Mr. C. A. Duniway, Cornell '92, a former editor in-chief of the *Era*, has been selected as the principal disputant for Harvard in the joint debate with Princeton.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

[The Editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Among the most attractive features of our beautiful chapel are its magnificent stained-glass windows. These are always among the first things noticed on entering the building, and they are undoubtedly masterpieces both as regards subject-matter and effects obtained. For this reason, if for no other, they should be amply protected from harm. But further, injuries to them are at once disfigurements to the whole structure, of which we all have such just cause to be proud and direct pecuniary losses to the University. Such a gaping hole as may now be seen in one of the windows in the north transept is a poor commentary on the care of those in authority for the building. It has long been obvious that the windows all needed wire protectors or screens. And, surely the slight expense entailed should not be considered in the case. It seems out-of-place to be counting a few paltry dollars when the preservation of such artistic treasures is at stake. It is to be hoped that proper steps will be taken immediately for the protection of the windows, and that no further evidences of carelessness and vandalism will greet the visitor.

"LEHIGH."



February 22. Washington's Birthday. Junior Oratorical Contest: first prize, H. N. Herr; second prize, H. A. Reed; third prize, F. A. Daboll. Announcement of Roll of Honor Senior Class: W. Ferris, W. B. Keim, J. E. Stocker, H. W. Beach, W. A. Lambert, E. A. Jacoby, F. A. McKenzie, E. C. Brown, H. Eckfeldt, J. E. Shero, A. S. Clift, A. S. Kapella, H. L. Wood, E. G. Steinmetz, W. J. Collier, R. S. Taylor, S. T. McKenzie, R. C. Bastress, H. A. White, H. De Huff, C. S. Bricker, J. E. Brooks, J. M. Wilson, H. S. Dech, C. F. Townsend, J. C. Barber, J. J. Gibson, L. E. Lannon, J. C. Whitmoyer, C. H. Vansant, J. L. Poultney, E. M. Blehl, C. F. Maurice, J. S. Miller, D. H. Lackey.

February 22. Concert of Lehigh University Glee and Banjo Clubs, at Passaic, N. J.

February 23. Concert of Lehigh University Glee and Banjo Clubs, at Jersey City, N. J.

February 26. "Smoker" at Gymnasium.

February 27. Ash-Wednesday, holiday.

March 1. Preliminary Oratorical Contest for Lehigh Representative at State Oratorical Contest: Representative, H. W. Herr; Alternate, F. A. Daboll.

March 2. Concert of Lehigh University Glee and Banjo Clubs, at Philadelphia, Pa.

## TO THE MEMORY OF MY OVERCOAT.

When snowflakes fill the air,  
And I with cold am blue,  
When trees of leaves are bare,  
I long for you, for you.

I sigh for warmer days—  
The springtime's foaming bock;  
But now I'm far from gay,  
My overcoat's in hock!

—*Princeton Tiger.*

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## PARADOXICAL.

The criminal condemned to die  
Lives in suspense 'til ended.  
For him the time goes slowly by  
Until he is suspended.

The student, on probation, fears  
Of "cuts" to hear a mention;  
He's in suspense until he hears  
At last of his suspension.—*Brunonian*.

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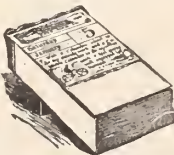
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